all sizes to fit the bard barby your winter

SHOES

the bargains we have by Tar you. We have the Wear-Well Stocktastors with them also.

Hats and Caps.

Ves the have them, too. Seeling, Shirting, Overalls, \$ and Claring. Den't forget the different lines, all new the pices so les, that is the main thing.

Wilson Allsbrook

Notice.

both Carolline - Hallfax County, J. J. Womack

Ellin Womack.

In the Superior Court, N sember ferm, 1913. to talini on above named will ender that an action, entitled show has been commenced in the and the unt of Halifax county. at Caro no, to discolve the definite nonvolve and herefore existing between the plainand the defendant, upon the gals ated in subsection 3 of secation of the Revisal of 1908; and Astendant will further take norequired to appear H 1913, and answer r plaintiff will but for the relief de-

M. GARY, Cirk of the Superior Court. being the law of October, 1913.

wirns of a over vested in us as

enstoners, under an order of

## Notice.

east hade a that special prong pending in the Superior and Halfier county, North a, before the plack, and en-"Trank. Taylor and wife, An-P. Jaylor, Noda Pendleton and H. Fland Pendleton, and k Taylor C. Bruce Taylor Carter Toyler, infants, who del general guardian, ex-parte," we will on f November, 1913, sell auction in the town of and Neck, to the highest bidthe following described real esbing and being in Halifax orth Carolina, to-wit: hat tract of land of which D. Edson died salzad and possessed on which he lived at the time s death, known as the "Dan by the lands belonging to the the of B. D. Grav. deceased, on and of Main street of the town milan! Neck and the lands forbelonging to Kendred Allsok and others, on the south by sublic road leading from Scot-Neck to Roseneeth, the lands of Mattie J. Battle and others,

erms of sale; One-half cash, the med in twelve months. his the 28th day of October, 1913. S. A. DUNN. STUART SMITH, Commissioners.

on the west by Deep Creek, con-

ing 265 acres, more or less.



Twinges yield immediately to Sloan's Liniment. It relieves aching and swollen parts instantly. Reduces inflammation and quietsthat agonizing pain. Don't rub-it pene-

Kills Pain

gives quick relief from chest and throat affections. Have you tried Sloan's? Here's what others say: Robert of There's what others say, a Robert from Rheumatism
"My mother has used one 50c, bottle of Stoan's Liminent, and although she is over 83 years of age, she has obtained great relief from her rheumatism,"—Mrs. H. L. Lindeleaf, Calroy, Cal.

"A little boy next door had croup. I gave the mother Sloan's Liniment to try. She gave him three drops on sugar before going to bed, and he got up without the croup in the morning."—Mr. W. H. Strange, 3:21 Elascood Arc., Chicago, III. "Sloan's Lument is the best medicine in the world. It has relieved no of neuralgia. Those pains have all gone and I can truly say your Liniment did stop them."—Mrs. C. M. Dowker of Johan-

At all Dealers. Price 25c., 50c. & \$1.00 Sloan's Instructive Booklet on Horses sent free. DR. FARL S. SLOAN, Inc., BOSTON, MASS.

Classy Printing!

It's plain that all printing is not good printing. It's graded. Just a little alteration semetimes will change the appearance of the entire job. Let us suggest the change in your next job and put it in the "classy" line.

## Printing

is our business, and we want to show you how \$ well we know it. Will 2 you give us the opportutv? We'll see.

Satisfied customers are our best representatives, and when you want job printing done let us make you one.

THE COMMONWEALTH,

Scotland Neck, North Carolina. o ŏ00000000000000000ŏ

Are You a Woman?

The Woman's Tonic

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

To Prevent Blood Poisoning apply at once the wonderful old reliable DR

Largest Stock in The South.

you are buying and get it quickly.

Satisfaction Guaranteed on Orders by Mail.

We have no canvassers, agents or branches any-

THE COUPER MARBLE WORKS,

(Established 65 Years.)

Nofolk, Virginia.

to 25 per cent on your purchase.

264-268 Bank Street.

We pay the freight and guarantee delivery.

## @ 1913, by American Press Association.

RE you sure we are on the right trail, father?" asked June Haskins, peering anxiously out of

the covered wagon across miles of tawny desert, relieved only by straggling clumps of dwarfed sagebrush and cactus.

"The stranger we passed at the last water hole directed us this way," answered an old man as he thrust a white head and a weather beaten face forward to take a fresh survey of their surroundings. "There were so many trails there I might have made a mistake. This isn't a very well marked one, but we'd best follow it. I don't want to turn back," fretfully.

The wagon was old, and the wheels creaked dismally as the ill matched



"WE CAN TRUST IN GOD TO HELP US,"
SAID THE GIRL.

team, a jaded, rawboned horse and a plucky little mule, pulled it along over an almost obliterated trail.

"Poor old Bob!" said the girl pityingly, looking at the horse as he panted and floundered along in the sand, trying to do his share. "I don't believe he will last to the next water hole if we are on the right trail."

"He does seem nearly done for," returned her father. "The trip's been too hard for him, but I did think he'd stand it with Pecksniff to get us to the

A mile farther on they were obliged to stop. Old Bob had given out. June jumped from the wagon and undid the harness, leading the horse to the back of the wagon. She was just bringing him a basin of water from the meager supply in the little keg, which had been filled at the last watering place, when, with a groan, old Bob sank to the ground. In a few moments he was dead.

The girl could not keep back the tears as she gazed upon the stiffened limbs of Old Bob.

"Well, well!" exclaimed her father, a quaver in his voice. "Old Bob's a goner." Then he turned away, rubbing his hardened hands in nervous bewilderment. "This is a cheerful situation for us, June, and Thanksgiving day at that! Here we are with only Pecksniff left alone out here in the desert forty miles from nowhere and scarcely enough food in the wagon to feed a jack rabbit. I've brought you to this. I've always been a crazy old fool."

"No, no, father," said June, recovering herself to cheer the disheartened old man. "We both thought it was gical dressing that relieves pain and heals at the same time. Not a limiment. 25c. 50c. \$1.00. foot. You can ride and I'll walk."

lonuments & Gravestones the old man as the girl led him back to the wagon. "He bucks like the ing for gold in the far west dickens. No, June," in a despairing tone; "we never can reach the mines without help. I tell you we are in a When in Norfolk call on us. You can see what worse fix than you think."

"We can trust in God to help us," said the girl as she assisted her father back into the wagon.

Although late in November, the sun in the cloudless sky shone down upon where and no commissions must be added to our the arid sand of the desert with great prices. This means a saving to you of from 15 force. Blue Hills off to the south loomed vaguely in the hazy distance, and a broad mirage bordered the horizon. Presently out of the quivering heat

waves a horseman rode toward the stranded wagon. "Hello!" he called, reining in his horse a few feet in front of the wagon "You've met with bad luck, I see." scanning the carcass of old Bob.

At the sound of the horseman's voice June Haskins' face went white, then red, by turns. Her heart began such a heating she could scarcely keep from crying out. In spite of the six years since she had last seen Kenneth ther was behind the big tent inspect-Dolland, in spite of the beard and the ing an ore dump. Ching Lee saw only pearance so vastly, she recognized the basting. As Kenneth opened his arms costume which had changed his ap man at once. She quickly drew back | she did not resist him, within the shadow of the wagon cover

to escape his recognition, "Yes, bad luck," Haskins replied in a hopeless tone. As he spoke June glanced quickly at her father's face. Would he recognize the horseman? before the trapped lovers, his face full She was in a nervous dread lest he of anger. Kenneth had removed his should. Their situation was deplora- hat, and as he faced Haskins the latble enough without having to undergo ter went on: "So you are Ken Dolland, the renewal of the old family quarrel eh? I know you now. You decoyed

father gave no sign that he remember ed the man she sank back in the seat relieved.

"Where are you bound?" asked Kenneth Dolland. "To Crawley's mines," answered Haskins.

"Crawley's mines?" with surprise. 'You're thirty miles out of your way." "As bad as that?" said the old man, sighing despondently. "You were right, June. We're on the wrong trail."

As Haskins turned to his daughter with the helplessness of old age in trouble the horseman caught a full view of the girl's face. Their eyes met. With a quick start he cried: "You here!"

Instantly June's eyes enjoined him to silence. With an effort Kenneth Dolland controlled his desire to speak to the woman he loved, the one that he had wandered hundreds of miles from the old home to forget.

"What did you say?" inquired the old man, looking curiously at the horse-

"That it's fortunate I found you," returned Dolland, shooting an understanding look from his eyes straight at the girl.

"Yes," agreed Haskins, "we'd be mighty grateful for some help just now. You see," he went on, waxing confidential under the stranger's evident sympathetic interest, "when I came west from Missouri I got a little orchard in the hills near the Sierra Madre mountains Everything was promising, fruit fine, but the mountain fires swept down on us, burning us out of house and home. I know Crawley, and if I can reach his mines he'll give

"Maybe you wouldn't object to helping me," said the young man. "I have a good little mine in Blue Hills, about five miles from here. I am at present alone except my cook. Ching Lee. I have tents and plenty of food and water. If you're willing I'll hitch my horse alongside that pugnacious fellow," indicating Pecksniff, who was Night befo' Thanksgivin' dream de tuhkey got awaytoward the strange horse, "and drive Thought he saw me wif de ax an' perked his haid you over there. You will be my Thanksgiving guests," he added, with a smile, "and if you don't like Blue



Hills after you've rested a day or two we'll see about your getting over to the Crawley mines."

Years ago the Haskinses and the Dollands had lived on adjoining farms in Missouri. In spite of a bitter quarrel that existed between the heads of the family, Kengeth and June loved each other. When Haskins had discovered the attachment he had angrily dismissrest an hour or two; then we'll take ed the young man, sold out and left Pecksniff and go on to the mines on the country. Unable to trace the movements of Haskins and finally "We can't ride Pecksniff," returned despairing of ever finding June, Kenneth had buried himself in prospect-

After weary days of wandering over dusty, half obliterated trails, where the bleached skeletons of ill fated animals hinted many a terrible tale of suffering, the tired old man and his faithful daughter found Blue Hills an ideal retreat.

Obeying the directions of his em-

ployer, Ching Lee was soon busy in the shed kitchen preparing dinner for the guests.

"We'll eat our Thanksgiving meal together under the trees," announced Kenneth, his eyes flashing with joy as he watched June's deft fingers arranging a tablecloth of paper napkins. Certain details of the feast the girl had insisted on taking out of Ching Lee's bands.

Looking up from her self appointed is called the Kan-name Matsuri, or task, June encountered Kenneth's gaze "Festival of Divine Tasting," comes Cuz today we want to sample, mother, -yearning, appealing. They were alone, sheltered by the tree. Her fahis appetizing roast, which he was

"My June! At last I find you!" was the cry of the man's pentup heart. Just as their lips met the old man's voice demanded harshly:

"What does this mean?" He stood out there on the desert. But as her me here just to get June in your pow-



THE YEAR ROUND

THANKSGIVING DREA

By GOODLOE THOMAS.

Way he flew, an' me a-chasin' out into de wood,

Tuhkey got away, an' whain I waken in de mawn

Tuhkey lookin' back an' laughin' ('s if a tuhkey

an' say,

Fas' ez I could go:

could),

"Dat looks mighty bad."

"Man, yo's awful slow."

Haht wuz jes' like lead;

I'll accept favors from you."

you choose."

centerpiece.

er again. But I defy you. Come.

June!" And, jerking her rudely from

Kenneth's side, he drew her toward

"Where are you going?" asked Dol-

"You have no right to drag June into

suffering if you will go yourself," Dol-

land said in firm tones. "Listen here!

the sense of nursing that old feud? 1

derly upon the girl's bowed head.

**\*\*\*\***\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

THANKSGIVING NOVELTIES

**-----**

of many Thanksgiving parties, espe-

cially in the country. The turkey is

decorated with strings of cranberries.

tiny sausages and small yellow onions

A large flat, round basket filled with

yellow toned vegetables serves as a

The appetizer consists of anchovies

curled in a ring of carrot resting on a

small lettuce leaf. With the vegetable

salad small carrots molded of soft

garden basket made of spun sugar

filled with ice cream vegetables with

Thanksgiving Day In Japan.

The Japanese Thanksgiving, which

lanterns and flags, and the first rice of

the garnered crop is solemnly offered

to the gods by the emperor in the pal-

ace chapel and by the priests at every

are concluded there is feasting.

been on the wane.

Shinto shrine. After the ceremonies

How the Hollander Celebrates.

The Dutch used to celebrate their

Thanksgiving by eating a sort of

Spanish hodgepodge of stewed ment

and vegetables in commemoration of

their deliverance from Spain. In re

cent years, however, the custom has

their natural color and markings.

Vegetable decorations are the feature

fight love and Providence."

"Back on the desert," retorted Haskins. "We'll starve out there before WOMAN who has an almost old The old man was shaking with minfashioned faith in Providence gled fatigue and anger, but slowly keeps what she calls her dragging June, white and speechless, toward the desert. Kenneth followed

"thank offering box." Into this goes through the year, from one Thanksgiving to the middle of the following November, a sum of money for every accident escaped, calamity averted or special joy.

I have a good claim, and I can take These offerings are not confined to good care of you and June. Where's her own escapes, but each time some member of her family bobs up from never harmed you, and I'll be a son to some threatened wee into the box goes you if you'll let me. I've found June the money offering of thanks. Not the same amount is given each

after you've kept her hidden from me all these years, and I intend to keep time, and rarely large sums, for the her now, with or without you, just as woman is not rich, but a nice little sum is realized. June was clinging to her father, sob-

This is devoted to giving some one a bing. Haskins gave a long look across happy Thanksgiving day. It does not the desert; then his eyes rested tenalways go into the regular channels. As the woman says, the poor and hos-After a pause he looked back at the pitals are usually well cared for in stalwart young man determinedly folholiday seasons.

lowing them. Suddenly the anger left Sometimes a homesick girl in a strange city is given car fare home for his face, and he moved toward Kenthe Thanksgiving gathering she would "I've been an old fool, Ken," he said, otherwise miss. Once a music lover was given a season ticket to the sym-"but I won't stand between you and June any longer. It isn't any use to phony concerts. Again a doctor's bill that had worried a young stenographer who had her mother to support was quietly paid.

In speaking of her pretty custom the owner of the thank offering box said. "Never have I known what thankfulness really meant until I started my box and saw the joy my thankfulness brings to others."

Such a box, besides cultivating one's bump of gratitude and making others equally grateful, cannot but afford I suppose many people will say it is tres great pleasure and interest in the spending. It is a gracious thought one more woman could profitably put into

## Thanksgiving In the Country By JOE CONE.

BRING on the turkey, mother, an' the fixin's one an' all yellow cheese are served with a sprig of parsley in the end. The dessert is a Pile 'em high upon the table for the big an' fur the small. It is time to set the dinner, it is time to set us down, An' my appertite, I reckon, is the biggest

don't furgit the pie

thing in town. Bring on the sass an' dressin'. Don't leave anything behind, each an' ev'ry kind So don't furgit the puddin', an' please

Today's Thanksgivin, mother, an' we're goin' to travel high. Ain't thet turkey jest a disy? Ain't he juicy, plump an' 1 ..........? Don't he make you hungay mother? Ain't

he fit fur any crown? See! His glossy skin is bustin', an oh, I tell you, mother, children. heaven, jest about! Draw your chairs around the table; loosen buttons where you kin; You don't want your highest collars in

terferin' with your chin. Now I'm goin' to carve the turkey. Pass your plates, you youngsters five. Today's Thanksgivin', mother. Ain't it good to be alive?

Couldn't realize dat all dem things wuz goin' on Whain I rubbed muh eyes a bit an' peeped out in de

Right away felt good.

Copyright, 1913, by American Press Association.

Seein' dat of gobblah's head stuck up an beggin' habd Fo' his breakfas' food.

Mighty thankful fo' muh blessin'-dat is what I is-An', 'twix' me an you. Waitin' fo' muh dinnah heah, I's thankful dat i riz

'Fore dat dream come trne.

0-\*-\*-\*-\*-\*-\*-\*-\*-\*-\*-ROAST BEEF AND

BROWN GRAVY

By O. B. DREUER

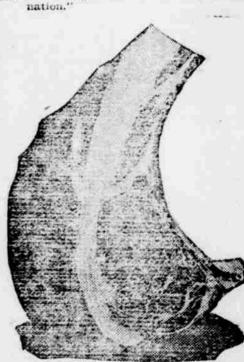
1913, by American Press Association. OU may rave, if you will, about turkey and dressing You may worship it still as an edible

A cut of roast beef and a lot of brown gravy. Give me beef, I repeat, and my Thanksgiving's merry.

But for me mashed potatoes, all creamy

And, with never a tount from the saucy cranberry, I will cat with a relish to cause admira-

Never thinking at all of the "bird of the



To renounce the great fowl of the holiday But the juicy reast beef, I would have

Is as good in July as it is in November. It's an all the time friend, and the ones who stick to it

Will never have cause to regret or to rue it. While the wisdom of feasting on turkey I Since it often is known to produce indi-

So I'll pass the proud turkey with all my good wishes

And will choose for myself such delecta-As the good old reliable bean of the navy. A cut of roast beef and a lot of brown

Grandmo's Old Friend. An old lady taughed immoderately at a story told at a dinner in Chleago.

The story teller looked at her inquiringly. "Oh," she gasped, "it's a great favorite of mine. The first time I heard it 1 laughed so hard I almost kicked the

Evening Post. Her Strong Hint. "Miss Pinkle, how do you like my

footboard off my crib!"-Saturday

new hat?" "I like it ever so much better, Mr. Smykins, when you are holding it in your hand "-Chicago Tribune



T. W. RUSSELL, Scotland Neck, N. C.